

Poem from Eliza Symonds Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, March 3, 1893, with transcript

From Eliza G. Bell to Alexander Graham Bell. COPY

I couldn't think what in the world I should choose For a birthday token, dear Alec, this year;
You're furnished already with all you can use Inside and outside, for comfort or cheer.

I thought of a hat, or a cap, or such thing, Of gloves, cuffs, and buttons, for sleeve or for
neck, But I saw not an opening for aught I could bring, That might be of service, though but
to bedeck.

At last these house-slippers-boot-leggins I spied: "Ahah! something new, something useful
I see; "If they don't fill a want, they'll fulfil this," I cried, "My loving intent, to remind you of
me!"

Many happy returns! Don't turn day into night And night into day any more, if you're
wise! Let your molecules gravitate always aright — To the centre, where Health with
attractiveness lies.

E.G.B. March 3rd, 1893.